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*OLD
BALLADS*

ILLUSTRATED
BY
JOHN EYRE.





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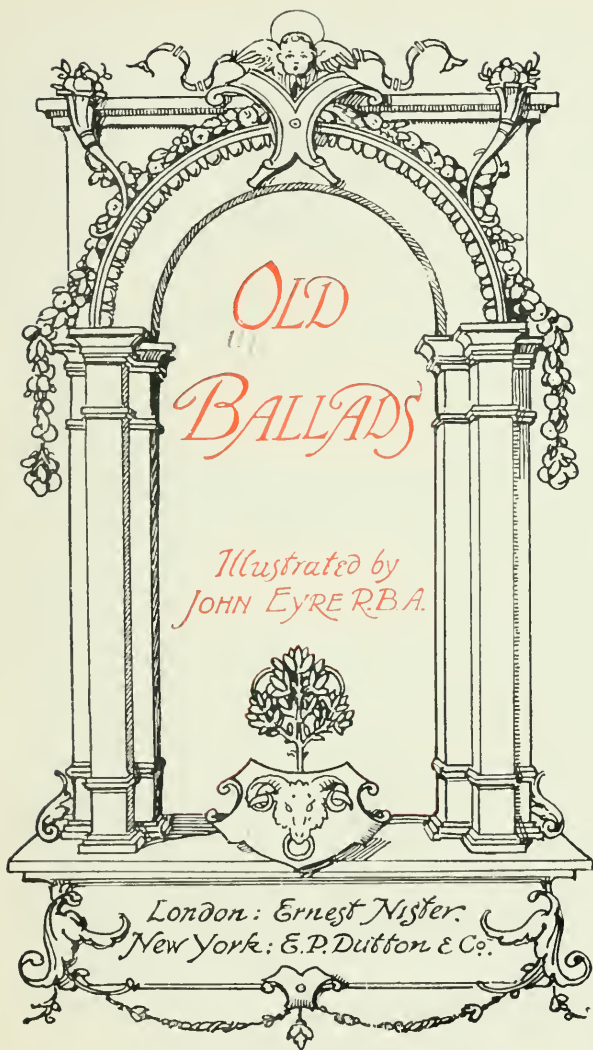






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*OLD
BALLADS*

*Illustrated by
JOHN EYRE R.B.A.*

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
COME, LASSES AND LADS	7
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE	10
CHERRY-RIPE	11
ANNIE LAURIE	12
ROBIN ADÁIR	14
MOLLY BAWN	15
GO, HAPPY ROSE!	16
THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D	18
ALICE GRAY	20
HOME, SWEET HOME	22
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO	23
MY PRETTY JANE	25
ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP	27
THE MINSTREL BOY	28
ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER	30
AULD LANG SYNE	32
WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN	34
THE NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA	36
TOM BOWLING	38
MY LOVE IS LIKE THE RED RED ROSE	40
WIDOW MALONE	42
THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN	46
CALLER HERRIN'	52

	PAGE
A HUNTING WE WILL GO	55
HEARTS OF OAK	58
THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN	60
THE BAY OF BISCAY O!	65
BLACK-EYED SUSAN	68
DUNCAN GRAY	73
THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON	77
THE MILLER OF DEE	82
THE ANGEL'S WHISPER	84
SIMON THE CELLARER	87
AULD ROBIN GRAY	91
BONNIE DUNDEE	97
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY	100
KITTY OF COLERAINE	106
HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN	108
THE LEATHER BOTTLE	112
WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE	124
THE TOKEN	126
O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST	128
THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE	130
LOVELY NAN	133
THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL	136
TELL ME NOT, SWEET	139
SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES	140
O NANNY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?	142
D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL?	145



COME, LASSES AND LADS.

COME, lasses and lads,
get leave of your dads,
And away to the Maypole hie,
For ev'ry fair has a sweetheart there,
And the fiddler 's standing by;

For Willy shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down!

“You’re out,” says Dick; “not I,” says Nick,
“’Twas the fiddler play’d it wrong;”
“’Tis true,” says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says ev’ry one.

The fiddler than began
To play the tune again,
And ev’ry girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men!

Then, after an hour, they went to a bow’r,
And play’d for ale and cakes;
And kisses too,—until they were due,
The lasses held the stakes.

The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their kisses back,
And give them their own again!



COMING THRO' THE RYE.

GIN a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the town,
 Gin a body meet a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Ilka lassie has, etc.

Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But what his name, or whaur his hame,
 I dinna care to tell.
 Ilka lassie has, etc. *Anon.*

CHERRY-RIPE.

CHERRY-RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones, come and buy;
 If so be you ask me where
 They do grow? I answer, There,
 Where my Julia's lips do smile,
 There's the land or cherry isle,
 Whose plantations fully show
 All the year, where cherries grow.
Herrick.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true;
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her ee;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.



ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT'S this dull town to me?

Robin's not near.

What was't I wish'd to see,

What wish'd to hear?

Where's all the joy and mirth

Made this town a heav'n on earth?

Oh, they're all fled with thee,

Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?

Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine?

Robin was there.

What when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore?

Oh, it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

Yet he I lov'd so well

Still in my heart shall dwell;

Oh, I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

MOLLY BAWN.

OH, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,

All lonely, waiting here for you?

While the stars above are brightly shining,

Because they've nothing else to do.

The flowers late were open keeping,

To try a rival blush with you;

But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,

With their rosy faces wash'd with dew.

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,

All lonely, waiting here for you?

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods at will,
For to tame though not to kill.



Take thou my blessing thus, and go,
And tell her this,—but do not so!
Lest a handsome anger fly
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up as well as I.

Herrick.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D.

THE tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore;
My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.
"Dear youth," she cried,
"and canst thou haste away?
My heart will break; a little moment stay.
Alas, I cannot, I cannot part from thee,
The anchor's weigh'd,
farewell! remember me."

"Weep not, my love," I trembling said,
"Doubt not a constant heart like mine;
I ne'er can meet another maid,
Whose charms can fix
that heart like thine!"

“Go, then,” she cried,
 “but let thy constant mind
 Oft think of her you leave in tears behind.”
 “Dear maid, this last embrace
 my pledge shall be!
 The anchor’s weigh’d!
 farewell! remember me.”

S. J. Arnold.



ALICE GRAY.

SHE'S all my fancy painted her,
 She's lovely, she's divine;
But her heart it is another's,
 She never can be mine;
Yet lov'd I as man never lov'd,
 A love without decay,
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
 For the love of Alice Gray!

Her dark brown hair is braided
 O'er a brow of spotless white;
Her soft blue eye now languishes,
 Now flashes with delight;
Her hair is braided not for me,
 The eye is turned away;
Yet, my heart, my heart is breaking
 For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflict's past:



And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say,
Oh! his heart, his heart is broken
For the love of Alice Gray.

William Mee.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

'MID pleasures and palaces
 though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
 there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies
 seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world,
 is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

Burns (New Version).





MY PRETTY JANE.

MY pretty Jane, my pretty Jane!
Ah! never, never look so shy;
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane!
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring;
The lads and maids in favours white
And village bells shall ring.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane!
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.

Edward Fitzball.



ROCKED IN THE CRADLE
OF THE DEEP.

ROCK'D in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure, I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost note the sparrow's fall,
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine;
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death!
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Willard.



THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE Minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
“Land of song!” said the warrior-bard,
“Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!”

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

Thomas Moore.



On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown Autumn spreads its store,
Then I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more;
For the Summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier false was he;
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the Winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free:
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corpse lay she.

M. G. Lewis.



AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup' o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

We twa hae paid't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc. *Burns.*

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH
TOWN.

'TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year;
Sweet flowers bloom'd,
and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cried,
"No, no, it will not do;
I canna, canna, wonna, wonna,
manna buckle to."

Jocky was a wag that never would wed,
Though long he had follow'd the lass:



THE NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me:
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

Herrick.





TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk,
 lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear
 the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;

Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many
and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing
so blithe and jolly;
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom
find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's
crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.



But, fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile;
And I will come again, my dear,
Though 'twere ten thousand mile.

Burns.



WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone!
Ohone!
Oh, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'Twas known,
That no one could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare,—
How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
Down there,



Put his arm round her waist—
Gave ten kisses at laste—
“Oh,” says he, “you’re my Molly Malone,
My own!
“Oh,” says he, “you’re my Molly Malone.”

And the widow they all thought so shy,
 My eye!
 Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
 For why?

But "Lucius," says she,
 "Since you've now made so free,
 You may marry your Mary Malone,
 Ohone!
 You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
 Not wrong,
 And one comfort, it's not very long,
 But strong,—

If for widows you die,
 Learn to kiss, not to sigh,
 For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
 Ohone!

Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

Charles Lever.



CRISTEN.

That this waterman ne'er
was in want of a fare.



What sights of fine folks
he oft row'd in his wherry!
'Twas clean'd out so nice,
and so painted withal;

And would this young damsel
but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night,
and not wait till to-morrow;
And how should this
waterman ever know care,
When, married, was never in want of a *fair*.

Charles Dibdin.





CALLER HERRIN'.

WHA'LL buy caller herrin'?

They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';

Buy my caller herrin',

new drawn frae the Forth.

When ye were sleeping on your pillows,

Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
 new drawn frae the Forth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin',
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
O ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.
Caller herrin', caller herrin'.

Lady Nairne.





A HUNTING WE WILL GO.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay:
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows;
You cannot hunt to-day."
Yet a hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
Yet a hunting we will go.



Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a hunting we will go.

Fond echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry;
The woods, the hills the sound retort,
And music fills the sky.

When a hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night.

And a drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
Prepare then for the chase;
Rise at the sounding of the horn
And health with sport embrace.

When a hunting we do go.

Henry Fielding.





We ne'er see our foes
 but we wish them to stay;
 They never see us but
 they wish us away;
 If they run, why, we follow,
 or run them ashore;
 For if they won't fight us,
 we cannot do more.
 Hearts of oak, etc.

Britannia triumphant,
 her ships sweep the sea;
 Her standard is Justice—
 her watchword, "Be free!"
 Then cheer up, my lads!
 with one heart let us sing,
 "Our soldiers, our sailors,
 our statesmen, and king."
 Hearts of oak, etc.

David Garrick.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH
GENTLEMAN.

I'll sing you a good old song,
 Made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman,
 Who had an old estate;
And who kept up his old mansion
 At a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve
 The old poor at his gate—
Like a fine old English gentleman,
 All of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around
 With pikes, and guns, and bows,
And swords and good old bucklers
 That had stood against old foes;

'Twas there "his worship" sat in state,
In doublet and trunk hose,



And quaff'd his cup of good old sack
To warm his good old nose—
Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

When winter's cold brought frost and snow,
 He open'd his house to all;
And though three-score and ten his years,
 He featly led the ball.
Nor was the houseless wanderer
 E'er driven from his hall;
For while he feasted all the great,
 He ne'er forgot the small—
Like a fine old English gentleman,
 All of the olden time.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight,
 And years roll swiftly by;
And autumn's falling leaves proclaim'd
 The old man—he must die!
He laid him down quite tranquilly,
 Gave up his latest sigh;
And mournful stillness reign'd around,
 And tears bedew'd each eye—
For this good old English gentleman,
 All of the olden time.



1874

Now, surely this is better far
 Than all the new parade
 Of theatres and fancy balls,
 "At home" and masquerade!
 And much more economical,
 For all his bills were paid,
 Then leave your new vagaries quite,
 And take up the old trade—
 Of a fine old English gentleman,
 All of the olden time.

Anon.

THE BAY OF BISCAY O!

L OUD roared the dreadful thunder!
 The rain a deluge showers!
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid powers!
 The night, both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day, there she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
Our op'ning timbers creak;
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak!
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky;
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved the bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When Heaven, all-bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent!

A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers!
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay O!

Andrew Cherry.





1854

“If to fair India’s coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath in Afric’s spicy gale,
Thy skin in ivory so white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some
charm of lovely Sue.



“Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet free from harms,
William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls
 that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should
 drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
 No longer must she stay on board:
 They kissed, she sighed,
 he hung his head.
 Her lessening boat, unwilling, rows to land;
 "Adieu!" she cried, and waved her lily hand.
 J. Gay.

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN Grey came here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blythe yule night when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost' her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.



Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gae to—France for me,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and cantie baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Burns.



And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see:
“Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me.”



Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear—
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go,
Her true love to inquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
“One penny, one penny, kind sir,” she said,
“Will ease me of much pain.”

“Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born?”

“At Islington, kind sir,” said she,
“Where I have had many a scorn.”

“I pr’ythee, sweetheart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know
The bailiff’s daughter of Islington?”

“She is dead, sir, long ago.”

“If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;



For I will into some far countrie,
Where no man shall me know.”

“O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side:
She is here alive, she is not dead—
And ready to be thy bride.”

“O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore!
For now I have found my own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.”



THE MILLER OF DEE.

THERE was a jolly miller
 once lived on the river Dee,
He danced and sang
 from morn till night,
 no lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
 for ever used to be:
“I care for nobody, no, not I,
 if nobody cares for me.

“I live by my mill, God bless her!
 she's kindred, child, and wife;
I would not change my station
 for any other in life.
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor,
 e'er had a groat from me,
I care for nobody, no, not I,
 it nobody cares for me.”



When spring begins his merry career,
 oh! how his heart grows gay;
No summer's drought alarms
 his fears, nor winter's cold decay;
No foresight mars the miller's joy,
 who's wont to sing and say:
"Let others toil from year to year,
 I live from day to day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free,
 let us rejoice and sing,
The days of youth are made for glee,
 and time is on the wing;
This song shall pass from me to thee,
 along the jovial ring,
Let heart and voice and all agree
 to say, "Long live the King!"

Isaac Bickerstaffe.

But Margery has (so the maids say)
a tongue,
And she's not very handsome,
and not very young;
So somehow it ends with a shake
of the head,
And Simon he brews
him a tankard instead;
While ho! ho! ho!
he will chuckle and crow,
What! marry old Margery? no no, no!
While ho! ho! ho!
he will chuckle and crow,
What! marry old Margery? no, no, no!

W. H. Bellamy.





J. Rye

My heart it said nay,
 for I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high,
 and the ship it was a wreck;
The ship it was a wreck—
 why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to say, Wae's me?

My father argued sair,
 my mother didna speak,
But she lookit in my face
 till my heart was like to break;
Sae they gied him my hand,
 though my heart was in the sea;
And auld Robin Gray
 was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife
 a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully
 at the door,

I saw my Jamie's wraith,
 for I couldna think it he,
 Till he said, "I'm come back
 for to marry thee."

Oh, sair did we greet and
 muckle did we say,
 We took but ae kiss and we tore
 ourselves away;
 I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to dee;
 And why do I live to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
 I daurna think on Jamie,
 for that wad be a sin.
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

Lady Anne Lindsay.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em.
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.



CRISTEN

When she is by, I leave my work
 (I love her so sincerely),
My master comes, like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm dress'd all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is named.

I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.



When Christmas comes about again,
Oh! then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all
I'll give it to my honey.

I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh! then I'll marry Sally:
Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

Henry Carey.





Here's to the charmer,
 whose dimples we prize,
Now to the damsel with none, sir;
Here's to the girl
 with a pair of blue eyes,
And now to the nymph
 with but one, sir:



Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass —
I warrant she'll prove
 an excuse for the glass.

Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass --
 I warrant she'll prove
 an excuse for the glass.

R. B. Sheridan.



And let them all
do what they can,
'Twas for one end—
the use of man.



So I wish in heav'n
his soul may dwell
That first found out
the leather bottèl.

Now, what do you
 say to these cans of wood?
Oh, no, in faith
 they cannot be good;
For if the bearer
 fall by the way,
Why, on the ground
 your liquor doth lay;
But had it been
 in a leather bottèl,
Although he had fallen
 all had been well.
So I wish in heav'n
 his soul may dwell
That first found out
 the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say
 to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have
 no praise of mine;

Then what do you say
to these flagons fine?
Oh, they shall have
no praise of mine;
For when a lord
is about to dine,
And sends them to be
filled with wine,
The man with the flagon
doth run away,
Because it is silver most
gallant and gay.
So I wish in heav'n
his soul may dwell
That first found out
the leather bottèl.

A leather bottèl
we know is good,
Far better than glasses
or cans of wood;



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Then the lads and
the lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they
do without this bottle?



So I wish in heav'n
his soul may dwell
That first found out
the leather bottèl.



WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough—
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
T'was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot.
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.
That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
Say, wouldst thou hack it down?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Cut not its earth-bound ties—
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now, towering to the skies.
Oft, when a careless child,
Beneath its shade I heard
The wood-notes sweet and wild,
Of many a forest bird.
By mother kiss'd me here,
My father press'd my hand,
I ask thee, with a tear,
Oh, let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close at thy bark, old friend—
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave,
And, woodman, leave the spot—
While I've a hand to save
Thy axe shall harm it not.

General G. P. Morris.

THE TOKEN.

THE breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,
Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze,
When Jack no more on duty call'd,
His true love's tokens overhaul'd;
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto, writ so fair,
Upon his 'bacco-box he views,
Nancy the poet, love the muse.
"If you loves I, as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

The storm, that like a shapeless wreck,
Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,
That tars for sharks had giv'n a feast,
And left the ship a hulk—had ceas'd:



When Jack, as with his messmates dear,
He shared the grog their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
And spell'd for comfort on the lid.
"If you loves I, as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

The voyage,—that had been long and hard,
 But that had yielded full reward,
 And brought each sailor to his friend
 Happy and rich—was at an end:
 When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
 Beheld his Nancy on the shore:
 He then the 'bacco-box display'd,
 And cried, and seized the yielding maid,
 "If you loves I, as I loves you,
 No pair so happy as we two."

C. Dibdin.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee.
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 She bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there,
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown,
 Wad be my queen.

Burns.





A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning,
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe.





LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship, that, under sail
Spreads her white bosom to the gale;
Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can;
Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar

Let seamanship do all it can;
My love in worth shall higher rise!
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsizes,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To moan their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty with a spotless heart,
By manners love to show the man,
To sail through life by honour's breeze;
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

C. Dibdin.



THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass—
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine—
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
Oh, whisper to my charming fair,
I'd die for her I love!

How happy will the shepherd be
Who calls this nymph his own!
Oh, may her choice be fix'd on me?
Mine's fix'd on her alone.

James Upton.



EUSTACE



TELL ME NOT, SWEET.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace.

And standing by her side, was one,
 who strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her leaving that dear home
 she ne'er might view again.



I saw her but a moment,
 yet methinks I see her now,
With a wreath of orange blossoms
 upon her snowy brow.

No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, can'st thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, can'st thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, can'st thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me go;
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath,
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Thomas Percy D.D.



D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL?

D'YE ken John Peel
with his coat so gay?

D'ye ken John Peel
at the break of the day?

D'ye ken John Peel
when he's far, far away,

With his hounds and
his horn in the morning?

CHORUS.—D'ye ken, etc.

'Twas the sound of his horn
brought me from my bed,

And the cry of his hounds
has me ofttimes led;

For Peel's view holloa would
'waken the dead,

Or a fox from his lair in the morning.
CHORUS.—D'ye ken, etc.

Then here's to John Peel
with my heart and soul,
Come fill, fill to him
a brimming bowl:
For we'll follow John Peel
thro' fair or thro' foul,
While we're wak'd by his horn
in the morning.

CHORUS.—D'ye ken, etc.

John Woodstock Graves.





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